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4-14-2019

# Graduate Recital: Monica Ramich, soprano

Monica Ramich

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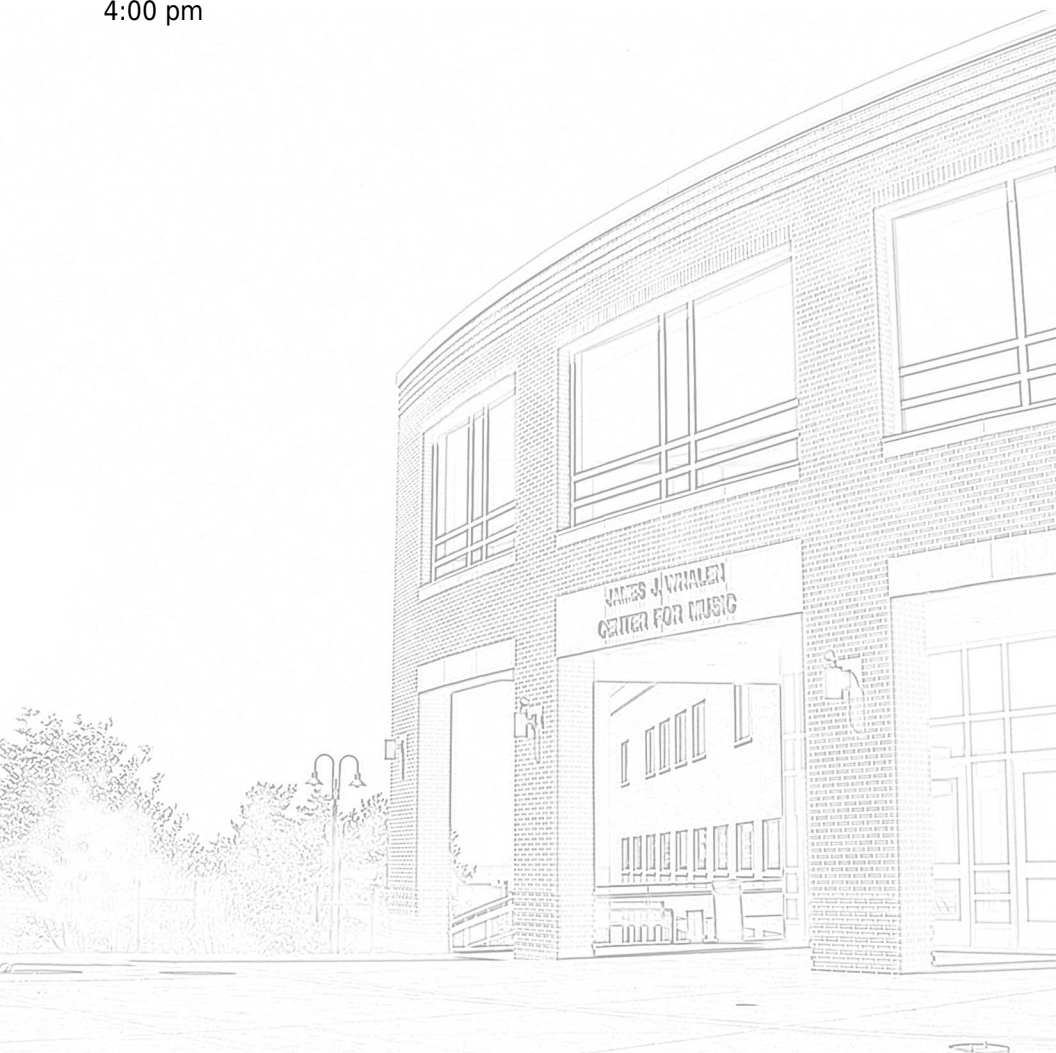
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**Graduate Recital:**  
Monica Ramich, soprano

Maria Rabbia, piano

Hockett Family Recital Hall  
Sunday, April 14th, 2019  
4:00 pm



**ITHACA COLLEGE**

School of Music

# Program

"Ich folge dir gleichfalls"  
from *Passio secundum Joannem*  
Jeannette-Marie Lewis, flute  
J.S. Bach  
(1685-1750)

*Die junge Nonne*  
Franz Schubert  
(1797-1828)

Selections from *Italienisches Liederbuch*  
*Auch kleine Dinge*  
*Nein, junger Herr*  
*Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum Himmel auf*  
Hugo Wolf  
(1860-1903)

"Ah! non credea mirarti ... Ah! non giunge"  
from *La Sonnambula*  
Vincenzo Bellini  
(1801-1835)

## Intermission

*Three Poems of Fiona MacLeod*  
The Lament of Ian the Proud  
Thy Dark Eyes to Mine  
The Rose of the Night  
Charles T. Griffes  
(1884-1920)

*Air Chantés*  
*Air romantique*  
*Air champêtre*  
*Air grave*  
*Air vif*  
Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

Не пой, красавица, при мне /  
Do Not Sing to Me, Oh Beauty  
У моего окна / Before My Window  
Весенние воды / Spring Waters  
Sergei Rachmaninoff  
(1873-1943)

## Translations

### Ich folge dir gleichfalls

Ich folge dir gleichfalls  
mit freudigen Schritten  
und lasse dich nicht,  
mein Leben, mein Licht.

I follow You likewise  
with happy steps  
and do not leave You,  
my Life, my Light.

Befördre den Lauf,  
und höre nicht auf,  
selbst an mir zu ziehen,  
zu schieben, zu bitten.

Pursue your course,  
and do not stop,  
continue to draw me on,  
to push me, to urge me.

### Die junge Nonne

Wie braust durch die Wipfel der  
heulende Sturm!  
Es klirren die Balken, es zittert das  
Haus!  
Es rollet der Donner, es leuchtet der  
Blitz,  
Und finster die Nacht, wie das Grab!

How the howling storm roars through  
the treetops!  
The rafters rattle, the house shudders!  
The thunder rolls, the lightning flashes,  
and the night is dark, as the grave!

Immerhin, immerhin,  
so tobt' es auch jüngst noch in mir!  
Es brauste das Leben, wie jetzo der  
Sturm,  
Es bebten die Glieder, wie jetzo das  
Haus,  
Es flammte die Liebe, wie jetzo der Blitz,  
Und finster die Brust, wie das Grab.

After all,  
so it raged recently still in me!  
My life roared like the storm now,  
my limbs trembled like the house now,  
love flamed like the lightning now,  
and my heart was dark as the grave.

Nun tobe, du wilder, gewalt'ger Sturm!  
Im Herzen ist Friede, im Herzen ist Ruh.

Now rage, you wild, powerful storm!  
In my heart is peace, in my heart is  
calm.

Des Bräutigams harret die liebende  
Braut,

The bridegroom awaits the loving bride,

Gereinigt in prüfender Glut,  
Der ewigen Liebe getraut.

purified in testing flames,  
wedded to eternal Love.

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit sehndem  
Blick;

I await you, my Savior, with longing  
gaze;

Komm, himmlischer Bräutigam! hole die  
Braut!

Come, heavenly bridegroom! Take your  
bride!

Erlöse die Seele von irdischer Haft.

Release the soul from earthly bonds.

Horch! friedlich ertönt das Glöcklein  
vom Turm!

Listen! the bell peacefully rings from the  
tower!

Es lockt mich das süsse Getön  
Allmächtig zu ewigen Höh'n.

Its sweet tone invites me  
powerfully to eternal heights.

Alleluia!

Alleluia!

## Auch kleine Dinge

Auch kleine Dinge können uns  
entzücken,  
auch kleine Dinge können teuer sein.  
Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen  
schmücken;  
sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur  
klein.

Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht,  
und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.  
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist,  
und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wisst.

Even little things can delight us,  
even little things can be precious.  
Consider, how gladly we adorn  
ourselves with pearls;  
they are heavily paid for, and yet are  
small.

Consider, how small is the olive's fruit,  
and is still sought for its excellence.  
Think only about the rose, how small  
she is,  
and yet smells so lovely, as you know.

## Nein, junger Herr

Nein, junger Herr,  
so treibt man's nicht, fürwahr;  
Man sorgt dafür, sich schicklich zu  
betragen.  
Für Alltags bin ich gut genug,  
nicht wahr?  
Doch Bessere suchst du dir an  
Feiertagen.  
Nein, junger Herr,  
wirst du so weiter sünd'gen,  
wird dir den Dienst dein Alltagsliebchen  
künd'gen.

No, young sir,  
one does not carry on so, in truth;  
One takes care to behave oneself  
properly.  
For everyday I am good enough,  
not true?  
Yet you seek better on festive days.  
No, young sir,  
if you will thus sin further,  
your everyday sweetheart will give you  
notice!

## Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum Himmel auf

Wenn du, mein Liebster, steigst zum  
Himmel auf,  
trag' ich mein Herz dir in der Hand  
entgegen.  
So liebevoll umarmst du mich darauf,  
dann woll'n wir uns dem Herrn zu  
Füssen legen.  
Und sieht der Herrgott unsre  
Liebesschmerzen,  
macht er Ein Herz aus zwei verliebten  
Herzen,  
zu Einem Herzen fügt er zwei  
zusammen,  
im Paradies, umglänzt von  
Himmelsflammen.

When you, my dearest, rise up to  
heaven,  
I will carry my heart to you in my hand.  
So lovingly will you then embrace me,  
then we will lay at the Lord's feet.  
And when the Lord God sees our  
love-pains,  
He will make one heart out of two loving  
hearts,  
He will join two together into one heart,  
in Paradise, shone all around by  
heaven's flames.

## Ah! non credea mirarti...Ah! non giunge

Ah! non credea mirarti  
sì presto estinto, o fiore;  
passasti al par d'amore,  
che un giorno sol durò.  
Potria novel vigore  
il pianto mio recarti...  
Ma ravvivar l'amore  
il pianto mio, ah no, non può.

Ah! non giunge uman pensiero  
al contento ond'io son piena:  
a' miei sensi io credo appena;  
tu m'affida, o mio tesor.  
Ah! mi abbraccia, e sempre insieme,  
sempre uniti in una speme,  
della terra in cui viviamo  
ci formiamo un ciel d'amor.

Ah! I did not believe to see you  
so quickly withered, o flowers;  
you passed away like love  
which only lasted a day.  
Perhaps my tears  
will bring you new life...  
But revive love,  
my tears, ah no, cannot.

Ah! inconceivable by human thought  
is the contentment I am full of:  
I can hardly believe my senses;  
you do trust me, o my darling!  
Ah! embrace me, and always together,  
always united in one hope,  
of the world we live in  
we shall make a heaven of love.

## The Lament of Ian the Proud

What is this crying that I hear in the wind?  
Is it the old sorrow and the old grief?  
Or is it a new thing coming, a whirling leaf  
About the gray hair of me who am weary and blind?  
I know not what it is, but on the moor above the shore  
There is a stone which the purple nets of heather bind,  
And thereon is writ: *She will return no more.*  
O blown, whirling leaf, and the old grief,  
And wind crying to me who am old and blind!

## Thy Dark Eyes to Mine

Thy dark eyes to mine, Eilidh,  
Lamps of desire!  
O how my soul leaps,  
Leaps to their fire!

Sure, now, if I in heaven,  
Dreaming of bliss,  
Heard but a whisper,  
But a lost echo even of one such kiss --

All of the soul of me  
Would leap afar --  
If that called me to thee,  
Aye, I would leap afar,  
A falling star!

## The Rose of the Night

The dark rose of thy mouth  
Draw nigher, draw nigher!  
Thy breath is the wind of south,  
A wind of fire!  
The wind, and the rose, and darkness,  
O Rose of my Desire!

Deep silence of the night,  
Husht like a breathless lyre,  
Save the sea's thunderous might,  
Dim, menacing, dire;  
Silence, and wind, and sea,  
They are thee, O Rose of my Desire!

As a wind-eddy flame  
Leaping higher and higher,  
Thy soul, thy secret name,  
Leaps thro' Death's blazing pyre!  
Kiss me, Imperishable Fire,  
Dark Rose, O Rose of my Desire!

## Air romantique

J'allais dans la campagne avec le vent  
d'orage,  
Sous le pâle matin, sous les nuages bas;  
Un corbeau ténébreux escortait mon  
voyage,  
Et dans les flaques d'eau retentissaient  
mes pas.

La foudre à l'horizon faisait courir sa  
flamme  
Et l'Aquilon doublait ses longs  
gémissements;  
Mais la tempête était trop faible pour  
mon âme,  
Qui couvrait le tonnerre avec ses  
battements.

De la dépouille d'or du frêne et de  
l'érable  
L'Automne composait son éclatant  
butin,  
Et le corbeau toujours, d'un vol  
inexorable,  
M'accompagnait sans rien changer à  
mon destin.

I walked in the countryside with the  
storm wind,  
beneath the pale morning, beneath the  
low clouds;  
A dark raven accompanied my journey,  
And in the puddles of water splashed  
my steps.

The lightning on the horizon flashed its  
flame  
and the north wind redoubled its long  
moans;  
But the tempest was too weak for my  
soul,  
which drowned out the thunder with its  
beating.

From the golden remains of the ash and  
the maple tree  
the Autumn composed its sparkling loot,  
And the raven always, with a relentless  
flight,  
Accompanied me without any changing  
of my fate.

## Air champêtre

Belle source, belle source,  
Je veux me rappeler sans cesse,  
Qu'un jour, guidé par l'amitié,  
Ravi, j'ai contemplé ton visage, ô  
déesse,  
Perdu sous la mousse à moitié.

Que n'est-il demeuré, cet ami que je  
pleure,  
O nymphe, à ton culte attaché,  
Pour se mêler encore au souffle qui  
t'effleure,  
Et répondre à ton flot caché.

Beautiful spring, beautiful spring,  
I wish to remember without ceasing  
that one day, guided by friendship,  
overjoyed, I gazed at your face, o  
goddess,  
half hidden beneath the moss.

Had he but remained, this friend for  
whom I mourn,  
o nymph, attached to your cult,  
to mingle again with the breeze that  
caresses you,  
and respond to your hidden waters.

## Air grave

Ah! fuyez à présent,  
malheureuses pensées!  
O! colère, o! remords!  
Souvenirs qui m'avez  
les deux temples pressées,  
de l'étreinte des morts.  
Sentiers de mousse pleins,  
vaporeuses fontaines,  
grottes profondes,  
voix des oiseaux et du vent,  
lumières incertaines  
des sauvages sous-bois,  
insectes, animaux,  
beauté future,  
ne me repousse pas,  
ô divine nature  
je suis ton suppliant.  
Ah! fuyez à présent,  
colère, remords!

Ah! flee now,  
unhappy thoughts!  
O! anger, o! remorse!  
Memories which have  
pressed my two temples,  
with the grip of the dead.  
Paths with moss overgrown,  
misty fountains,  
deep grottoes,  
voices of birds and of the wind,  
uncertain lights  
of the wild undergrowth,  
insects, animals,  
beauty to come,  
do not reject me,  
o divine nature,  
I am your suppliant.  
Ah! flee now,  
anger, remorse!

## Air vif

Le trésor du verger et le jardin en fête,  
Les fleurs des champs, des bois,  
éclatent de plaisir,  
Hélas! et sur leur tête le vent enfle sa  
voix.

Mais toi noble océan que l'assaut des  
tourmentes  
Ne saurait ravager  
Certes plus dignement, lorsque tu te  
lamentes,  
Tu te prends à songer.

The treasure of the orchard and the  
garden in celebration,  
the flowers of the field, of the wood,  
bursting with pleasure,  
Alas! and above their head the wind  
raises its voice.

But you, noble ocean, whom the assault  
of tempests  
cannot ravage,  
Certainly with more dignity, when you  
lament,  
you lose yourself in daydreams.



## Do Not Sing to Me, Oh Beauty

Не пой, красавица, при мне  
Ты песен Грузии печальной;  
Напоминают мне оне  
Другую жизнь и берег дальний.

Увы, напоминают мне  
Твои жестокие напевы  
И степь, и ночь, и при луне  
Черты далекой, бедной девы!

Я призрак милый, роковой,  
Тебя увидев, забываю;  
Но ты поёшь, и предо мной  
Его я вновь воображаю.

Не пой, красавица, при мне  
Ты песен Грузии печальной;  
Напоминают мне оне  
Другую жизнь и берег дальний.

Do not sing to me, oh beauty,  
your sorrowful songs of Georgia;  
they remind me  
of that other life and distant shore.

Alas, they remind me,  
your cruel melodies,  
of the steppe, the night, and moonlit  
features of a poor, distant maiden!

That sweet and fateful apparition  
I forget when I see you;  
but then you sing, and before me  
I picture that image anew.

Do not sing to me, oh beauty,  
your sorrowful songs of Georgia;  
they remind me  
of that other life and distant shore.

## Before My Window

У моего окна черемуха цветет,  
Цветет задумчиво под ризой  
серебристой...  
И веткой свежей и душистой  
Склонилась и зовёт...  
Её трепещущих  
воздушных лепестков  
Я радостно ловлю веселое дыхание,  
Их сладкий аромат туманит мне  
сознание,  
И песни о любви они поют без слов...

Before my window the cherry tree  
blooms,  
blooming dreamily under a silvery veil...

And with a branch fresh and fragrant,  
it is bending and calling...  
I joyously catch  
the happy breathing  
of its quivering, light leaves,  
Their sweet aroma fogs my conscience,

And they sing songs of love without  
words...

## Spring Waters

Ещё в полях белеет снег,  
А воды уж весной шумят.  
Бегут и будят сонный брег,  
Бегут, и блещут, и гласят...

Они гласят во все концы:  
Весна идёт, весна идёт!  
Мы молодой весны гонцы,  
Она нас выслала вперёд.

Весна идёт, весна идёт,  
И тихих, тёплых майских дней  
Румяный, светлый хоровод  
Толпится весело за ней!

The fields still sparkle white with snow,  
but the torrents already resound with  
spring.

They rush and wake the sleeping shore,  
They rush and sparkle and proclaim...

They proclaim to all ends:  
"Spring comes, Spring comes!  
We are the young messengers of spring,  
She sent us ahead of her.

Spring comes, spring comes,  
and the quiet, warm May days,  
as if in a ruddy, bright circle dance,  
are rushing happily after her!"